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FRENCH YEOMEN.

THE title to this paper will seem to many readers an anomaly, if not an impossibility. We are so accustomed to consider a yeoman as a British yeoman, that we may almost be excused for forgetting that, while the word is peculiarly our own, the class may have its counterpart in other lands. In these days of change, the habits most rooted in a nation may alter and disappear; the fearful shock of war will remove many a national characteristic; and the universal leveller, the railway, will do yet more; but in the remote and lonely district of which I am about to treat, change has as yet been slow, and probably will not for a long time to come make a material difference in its people.

To those among us who still regard the French as a frivolous, shallow, idle, but somewhat ingenious race, devoid of the stubborn energy and perseverance which distinguish the Anglo-Saxon, a brief sketch of the life led by small farmers in the district of Aubrac in Southern Central France, from one who has resided many years in their midst, may not be unacceptable. English tourists are perhaps as little acquainted with the rugged and hilly district lying between Chaudes-Aigues and St Genies in one direction, and from Marvejols to Entraigues in the other, as they are with Siberia; nor can I conscientiously promise them much of the enjoyment which a tourist usually seeks, to induce them to explore the neighbourhood. The spot is wild, lonely, extremely hilly, scantily inhabited, and almost devoid of that feature which is so pleasant and cheerful in our English counties, the snug, comfortable farmhouse; of these there are very few; the small proprietors generally clustering together in a village or hamlet for mutual assistance. This combination is needed, if for nothing else, against the intense severity of the winter; for while the summer heats are certainly fiercer than in England, the winters are more trying: snow falls, and lies in such depth, that for weeks together there is hardly any possibility of leaving these little villages, and the cattle must of necessity be entirely kept in sheds. As most of the small

farmers have only two or three cows, they are kept at the rear of the cottages; but the large farmers have very spacious sheds, in which the animals of various kinds are kept. I call the proprietors 'farmers,' because here nearly everybody owns cattle, and owns or holds rent free a little land. In this neighbourhood, as in many other places in France, the church was at one time the principal freeholder; and when her lands were seized at the first revolution, a great alteration was effected. A vast quantity was bought at low rates by the residents, but a large portion still remained, chiefly in forest or unreclaimed land, wild, stony, and difficult to till. Napoleon III. took most of the forests, and possibly has taken much of the common land, but on what remains the following custom exists. Any one may take into cultivation any portion of this land he pleases, and treat it in all respects as his own; he may break up as much as he likes, plant what he pleases, and dispose of the produce to his own profit; but he must not take more than he can till, for if he omits for three years to cultivate any portion of what he has claimed, he forfeits his rights, and loses the land. There is no fear of this privilege being abused, and large tracts seized by one man to the exclusion of others, for the utilising the wild soil is terrible work; much of it, nearly all, indeed, lies on the steep slopes of the hills, so steep that it is often cultivated in terraces. To these no wheeled carriage can ever go; everything is carried up, and everything brought down, tools, seeds, manure, crops, wood, sometimes on the backs of mules, but in the immense majority of instances, on the heads of men and women.

For here women work as hard as the men, and the men work very hard; they work hard, and they live hard, yet with very little complaining. Deny it as some may, the possession of land does, to a great extent, satisfy them: what they do, they do on their own little farms; their ceaseless toil, their constant privations, are borne for themselves. Poor as their land may be—and it is often so poor that none but an owner could work it with success—its return is all profit; and, in addition, they

all possess a little live-stock. First come the cows: all own two or three, some a few more. They have, in most cases, no time to attend to these, nor any fields large enough to graze them, and at the same time provide fodder for the winter; so they are all lent for the season to some large landholder in the vicinity, who takes them in the spring, feeds them, rears the calves, and usually makes the owner an allowance of a little butter and cheese, taking for payment the milk. By this arrangement, the small farmer is relieved during summer—when work is brisk, and his labour at home remunerative—from the charge of the cows; and when winter comes, he has a calf which he can sell, or add to his stock, or he may sell a cow, which his calf will replace. By managing thus, both crops of hay from the little farm are saved, and upon this the cattle are kept throughout the winter.

I have said that the stables or sheds are large places; they are usually not only large enough to hold fifty cows or horses, but to accommodate the peasantry who work for the villagers. At one end of the shed, beds, fitted something like those in the cabin of a vessel, are placed; and although the idea of sleeping actually in a cow-house is not altogether pleasant, yet the arrangement is probably a healthier and more comfortable one than might otherwise be made. When the hirers themselves work hard and fare hard, their servants of course do likewise, and only receive low wages. The pay of a first-class labourer, one who is experienced enough to direct others, may be about thirteen pounds a year, with food and lodging; less competent hands will receive ten pounds. When paid by the day, a man gets tenpence, a woman fivepence; in each case, food is always supplied. The rations are not of a very expensive kind: soup, bread and cheese, and country wine forming the whole, as a rule, for master and man; and they have to work in earnest upon it. Meat is rarely seen here, even on the tables of the small proprietors; now and then it will be discovered that a cow has fallen over a precipice, in which case it is immediately killed, *more Hibernico*, to save its life; cut up upon the spot, and its flesh sold. To effect this, a drum is beaten through the neighbouring hamlets, and the crier announces that M'sieu Jean Bonhomme has beef for sale: then every one who can afford it treats himself to a few pounds.

Domestic servants are very little cheaper here than in England; in fact, where labour is in such constant demand for farm-work, it is not profitable to take up with home service; nor, again, are many servants required in such a community. In addition to the wages paid to farm-labourers of both sexes, there is commonly made an allowance of wool for socks and clothes, as, besides their cows, the yeomen class keep sheep, and, almost as a matter of course, pigs—animals which, in most poor countries, play so prominent a part. Sheep are indispensable, for in the long winter the women are engaged in spinning and knitting. An Aubrac woman, and her family too, if she have one, rarely wears any article save cotton, of which the material is bought, and consequently her time is as fully occupied in the winter as in summer. In some parts, the keeping live-stock is facilitated by certain forest rights: the forest land is owned by landlords with the same titles

and powers as in England, only that the small proprietors have a right, on their part, to turn their sheep and cattle into the woods without payment. This privilege cannot be alienated; and although the arrangement before described is best and most generally adopted for cattle, sheep are largely pastured in the woods.

The pigs are either kept at home, or, like the cows, are sent out to feed; in the latter case, the large owner takes charge of them, and feeds them for the season for twenty-five francs, or one pound sterling. At the approach of winter they are fetched home and sold, or, if the family be wealthy enough, converted into ham and bacon for domestic consumption. When kept by the owner, the pig is dealt with very differently from his brethren in England, and no doubt any attempt to introduce such ridiculous new-fangled ways here would be looked down upon with British scorn. They are washed every day, or pretty nearly so, in the adjacent stream, with soap, and are, in consequence, brighter, cleaner, and healthier in a wonderful degree beyond those we see at home.

The custom invariably prevails in the district, as it does still in some parts of England, of baking the village bread at a public bakery, kept by one whose department of trade is pretty closely confined to what his name indicates; he bakes plenty, but sells no bread. Brown bread, to say the least of its colour, is the rule in Aubrac—Fridays and Saturdays, by the way, are the days on which delicacies, such as cakes or white bread, are baked—but the inhabitants are able to bake much less frequently than we do in England. As the baker, who provides the oven and fuel, receives so much for each batch, the batch, for economy's sake, is generally made a pretty large one, and the farmers do not care to bake more than once a month.

The men, besides attending to the cattle, generally employ themselves during the winter by making wheels (for they are all more or less carpenters), cutting out bowls, wooden soles for shoes, or any articles in common demand; when the roads are practicable, they go to the nearest market-town with their goods, their calves, their poultry, or farm produce, to sell or barter. I ought, perhaps, to have spoken of the poultry earlier, but who can picture the humblest French cottager as being without his poultry? Here, however, the flocks of geese would excite wonder: they are very large; sometimes two or three men will be required for a single flock; not the flock of a single farmer, for, like many other arrangements in the Aubrac district, this is a combination of small owners, who find it cheaper to pay a couple of men to drive a multitude of geese from place to place, than to keep the birds in any other manner.

In the neighbourhood of the railways, some of the characteristics of French yeomen life are altered; some may be gone, since articles of consumption have grown dearer: wine, for instance, has risen from twopence per bottle to sixpence—not that it is commonly sold in bottles, be it remarked—and very good wine it is, only, as it will not stand transport well, the producers have hitherto been obliged to drink it themselves. Perhaps, too, of later years the absence of thieves may not be so marked, for it was formerly not rare to come upon one of these little hamlets with scarcely a soul in it, all being away at field-work; one would

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scarcely find a door locked; and even when the inmates were absent for a long time—a week or two perhaps—they might possibly lock the front-door, but you would be almost certain to find the key hanging by the side. This may now be altered. In time, too, they may become familiar with English beer, a beverage which thousands must have lived and died without tasting; their wine sufficed them, with at times a glass of brandy. But I must warn my reader that when he hears of a French peasant drinking his *petit verre* of brandy, he must remember that it is something wholly different from the *aqua fortis* liquid which finds favour with our northern palates: it is almost as mild as sherry, and very wholesome.

Finally, if there is very little luxury among these people, there is also little bitter poverty. I don't know, and never did know, if there were any regular poor-laws, but, while an able-bodied 'rough' who took to begging would soon grow disgusted with the profession, no decayed and aged inhabitant is allowed to starve. There is given by those who knew him or her when able to work, enough to keep them in the simple manner they have always lived. And while doctors are few for the sick, nurses are not. If any one of the villagers falls ill, and needs attendance, it is taken as a matter of course among these frivolous French people that his neighbours will in turn sit up with him, or nurse him by day, and no great credit is attached to the act. So, in time, we may hope that even these people may have some idea of Christian charity and the domestic virtues; although it will doubtless be a long time before they are as good as ourselves.

BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER XLVII.—WHAT WAS FOUND IN WHEAL DANES.

A FULL half-hour—which to the watchers above seemed a much longer interval—had elapsed since Richard had disappeared in the depths of Wheal Danes, and not a sign of his return had reached the attentive throng.

'I thought he'd come to harm,' muttered a fisherman to his neighbour: 'it was a sin and a shame to let him venture.'

'Ay, you may say that,' returned the other aloud. 'I call it downright murder in them as sent him.'

'It was not I as sent him,' observed the innkeeper with the honest indignation of a man that has not right habitually on his own side. 'What I said to the gentleman was: "Wait till morning." Why should I send him?' Here he stopped, though his reasons for not wishing to hurry matters would have been quite conclusive.

'Why was he let to go down at all, being a stranger?' resumed the first speaker. 'Why didn't somebody shew him the way?'

'Because nobody knewed it,' answered one of the four miners whose services Richard had retained, and who justly imagined that the fisherman's remark had been a reflection on his own profession. 'I'd ha' gone down Dunloppel with him at midnight, or any other mine as can be called such; but this is different.'

'Ay, ay, that's so,' said a second miner. 'We

know no more of this place than you fishermen. There may be as much water in it as in the sea, for aught we can tell.'

'It's my belief they're more afraid of the Dead Hand than the water,' observed a voice from the crowd, the great majority of which was composed of fisher-folk.

No reply was given to this; perhaps because the speaker, an old cripple, the Thersites of the village, was beneath notice, perhaps because the remark was unanswerable. The miners were bold enough against material enemies, but they were superstitious to a man.

'If Solomon Coe were alive,' continued the same voice, 'he wouldn't ha' feared nothin'.'

'That's the first word, old man, as ever I heard you speak in his favour,' said a miner contemptuously; 'and you've waited for that till he's dead.'

'Still, he would ha' gone, and you durstn't,' observed the old fellow cunningly, 'and that's the pint.'

These allusions to the Dead Hand and to the missing Solomon were not of a nature to inspire courage in those to whom it was already lacking; and a silence again ensued. There was less light, for a torch or two had gone out, and the mine looked blacker than ever.

'Well, who's a-going down?' croaked the old cripple. 'The gentleman came from your inn, Jonathan, and it's your place, I should think, to look after him.'

'Certainly not,' answered the innkeeper hastily. 'These men here were hired for this very service.'

'That's true,' said the first miner. 'But what's the use of talking, when the gentleman has got the ladder with him?'

'There's more ladders in the world than one,' observed the cripple. 'Here's my grandson, John; he and half-a-dozen of these young fellows would fetch Farmer Gray's in less than no time. Come, lads—be off with ye.'

This suggestion was highly applauded, except by the miner who had so injudiciously compromised himself, and was carried out at once.

When the ladder arrived, the three other miners, ashamed of deserting their comrade, volunteered to descend with him. The excitement among the spectators was great indeed when these four men disappeared in the levels of Wheal Danes, as Richard had done before them. The light of their combined torches lingered a little in their rear; the sound of their voices, as they holloed to one another or to the missing man, was heard for several minutes. But darkness and silence swallowed them up also; and the watchers gazed on one another aghast.

It is not an easy thing, even for those accustomed to underground labour, to search an unfamiliar spot by torchlight; the fitful gleam makes the objects on which it falls difficult of identification. It is doubtful whether one has seen this or that before or not—whether we are not retracing old ground. Even to practised eyes, these objects, too, are not so salient as the tree or the stone which marks a locality above ground; add to this, in the present case, that the searchers were momentarily in expectation of coming upon something which they sought and yet feared to find, and it will be seen that their progress was of necessity but slow. They kept together, too, as close as sheep, which narrowed the compass of their

researches, and caused their combined torches to distribute only as much light as one man would have done provided with a chandelier. They knew, however, that their predecessor had descended into the second level, so that they did not need to explore the first at all. The ground was hard, and gave forth echoes to their cautious but heavy tread; their cries of 'Hollo!' 'Are you there?' which they reiterated, like nervous children playing at Hide-and-seek, reverberated from roof and wall.

Presently, when they stopped to listen for these voices of the rock to cease, there was heard a human moan. It seemed to come up from a great depth out of the darkness before them. They listened earnestly, and the sound was repeated—the faint cry of a man in grievous pain.

'There must be another level,' observed the miner who had volunteered the search: 'this man has fallen down it.'

They had therefore to go back for the ladder. Pushing this before them, the end began presently to run freely, and then stopped; it had adjusted itself by the side of the shorter ladder which Richard had brought down with him.

'He could not have fallen, then,' observed a miner, answering his comrade's remark—as is the custom with this class of great doers and small talkers—at a considerable interval.

'Yes, he could,' replied the one who had first spoken. 'See, his ladder was short, and he may have pitched over.'

They stood and listened, peering down into the darkness beneath them; but there was no repetition of the cries. The wounded man had apparently spent his last strength, perhaps his last breath, in uttering them.

'He must be down here somewhere. Come on.'

The situation was sufficiently appalling; but these men had lost half their terrors, now that they knew there was a fellow-creature needing help. They descended slowly; and he who was foremost presently cried out: 'I see him; here he is.'

The man was lying on his face quite still; and when they lifted him, each looked at the other with a grave significance—they had carried too many from the bowels of the earth to the pit's mouth not to know when a man was dead. Even a senseless body is not the same to an experienced bearer as a dead-weight. The corpse was still warm, but the head fell back with a movement not of life.

'You were right, mate. His neck is broke; the poor gentleman pitched over on his head.'

'Stop a bit,' exclaimed the man addressed; 'see here. Why, it ain't him at all—it's Solomon Coe.'

An exclamation of astonishment burst involuntarily from the other three.

'Then where's the other?' cried they all together.

'I am here,' answered a ghostly whisper.

Within but a few feet of Solomon, so that they could hardly have overlooked him had not the former monopolised their attention, lay Richard, grievously hurt. Some ribs were broken, and one of them was pressed in upon the lungs. Still, he was alive, and the men turned their attention first to him, since Solomon was beyond their aid. By help of the two ladders, side by side, they bore him up the wall of rock; and so from level to

level—a tedious and painful journey to the wounded man—to the upper air.

He was carried to the inn upon the mattress which his own care had provided for another; while the four miners, to the amazement of the throng, once more descended into the pit for a still more ghastly burden.

Richard could speak a little, though with pain. By his orders a messenger was despatched that night to Plymouth, to telegraph the news of the discovery of her husband's body to Mrs. Coe. His next anxiety was to hear the surgeon's report, not on his own condition, but on that of Solomon. This gentleman did not arrive for some hours, and Richard was secretly well pleased at his delay. It was his hope, for a certain reason, that he would not arrive until the body was stiff and cold.

He saw Richard first, of course. The case was very serious; so much so, that he thought it right to mention the fact, in order that his patient might settle his worldly affairs if they needed settlement.

'There is no immediate danger, my good sir; but it is always well in such cases to have the mind free from anxiety.'

'I understand; it is quite right,' said Richard gravely. 'Moreover, since the opportunity may not occur again, let me now state how it all happened.'

'Nay; you must not talk. We know it all, or at least enough of it for the present.'

'What do you know?' asked Richard, with his eyes half-shut, but with eager ears.

'That, in your benevolent attempt to seek after Mr. Coe, you met with the same accident—though I trust it will not have the same ending—as that unfortunate gentleman himself. He pitched upon his head and broke his neck, while you fell upon your side.'

'That is so,' murmured Richard. 'He and I were partners, you see.'

'There—there; not a word more,' insisted the doctor: 'your deposition can wait.'

And having done what he could for his patient, he left him, in order to examine the unfortunate Solomon. His investigation corroborated all that he had already heard of the circumstances of his death, with which also Richard's evidence accorded. An observation made by one of the miners who had found the body, to the effect that it was yet warm when they had come upon it, excited the surgeon's ridicule. 'It is now Tuesday morning, my friend,' said he, 'and this poor fellow met with his death on Saturday night for certain. He could not, therefore, have been much warmer when you found him than he is now.'

'Well, me and my mate here, we both fancied'—

'I daresay you did, my man,' interrupted the doctor, 'and fancy is a very proper word to apply to such an impression. If you take my advice, however, you will not repeat such a piece of evidence when put upon your oath, for the thing is simply impossible.'

'Then I suppose we be in the wrong,' said Dick to Jack; and on that supposition they acted.

In this way, too self-reliant Science, whose mission it is to explode fallacies, occasionally assists in the explosion or suffocation of a fact—for Solomon Coe had not been dead half an hour when his body was found.

When Richard alone, on his errand of mercy, was approaching the brink of the third level, he

could hear Solomon calling lustily for help. Nay, it was not only 'Help!' but 'Murder!' that he cried out; and notwithstanding the menace that that word implied towards himself, Richard hurried on, well pleased to hear it; the vigour of the cry assured him that his enemy was not only living, but unhurt. As the light he carried grew more distinct to him, indeed, these shouts redoubled; but when it came quite near, and disclosed the features of its bearer, there was a dead silence. The two men stood confronting one another—the one in light, distinctly seen, looking down upon the other in shade, just as they had parted only eight-and-forty hours ago. To one of them, as we know, this space had been eventful; but to the other it had seemed a lifetime, an age of hopes and fears, and latterly of cold despair, which had now been warmed once more to hope, only to freeze again. For was not this man, to whom he had looked for aid, his cruel foe come back to taunt him?—to behold him already half-way towards death, and to make its slow approach more bitter. But great as was his agony, Solomon held his peace, nor offered to this monarch of his fate the tribute of a groan.

'I am come to rescue you,' said Richard, in low but distinct tones, 'to undo the evil that I have already done, although it was no less than you deserved, nor an overpayment of the debt I owed you. In return, you will doubtless denounce me as having meant to murder you.'

No answer. If Richard had not heard his cries, it would have seemed that this poor wretch had lost the power of speech. His huge head drooped upon his shoulder, and he leaned against the rocky wall as though his limbs could not have otherwise supported themselves; they shook indeed—but was it with weakness or with hate?—as though he had the palsy.

'Well, you will have reason to do so,' continued Richard calmly, 'for I did mean to murder you. In ten minutes hence you will find yourself among your neighbours, free to act as you please. I shall make no appeal to your mercy; it would, I know, be as fruitless as was yours to mine the other day; but if you abstain from molesting me, this mine, with all its hidden treasure, shall be your own. I have nothing more to say.'

Solomon answered nothing. 'Perhaps,' thought Richard, 'he still doubts me.—Well, here is the ladder;' and he suited the action to the word. Solomon's great hand flew out from his side and clutched a rung as a dog's teeth close upon a bone; a dog's growl too, half-triumph and half-threat, came from his deep chest; then he began slowly to ascend, keeping his eyes fixed on Richard. The latter drew back a little, to give him space, and watched him with folded arms.

'Now,' said Solomon, stepping off the ladder with the prolonged 'Ha!' of one who breathes freely after long oppression, 'it is *my* turn!'

'What are you about to do?' asked Richard calmly.

'What! you think we are quits, Richard Yorke, do you? or at least that when I had seen you hung, it would seem so to me. You don't know what it is to die here slowly in the dark; you are about to learn that.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes. You complained the other day of my having used the law against you. Well, you shall

not have to reproach me with that a second time. We are about to change places, you and I, that's all. You shall keep sentry down yonder, till Death comes to relieve you. It was indiscreet in you to venture here alone to dictate terms, my friend.'

Solomon's voice was grating and terrible; it had grown hoarse with calling. His form was gaunt and pinched with hunger; his eyes flashed like those of some starving beast of prey.

'I swear to you I came here to rescue you, and with no other purpose,' said Richard earnestly. 'I was not afraid of you when you were hale and strong, and much more now when you are weakened with privation; but I do not wish to have your blood upon my hands. I came here to-night'—

'Is it night?' interrupted the other eagerly. 'I did not know that it was night; how should I, in this place where there is no day? Well, that was still more indiscreet of you, for I shall get away unseen, while you lie here unsought.'

'Your scheme is futile. There are fifty men about the pit's mouth now. I have told them'—

'Liar!' Solomon darted forwards; and Richard, throwing away the torch, as though disdaining to use any advantage in the way of weapon, grappled with him at once. At the touch of his foe, his scruples vanished, and his hate returned with tenfold fury. But he was in the grasp of a giant. Privation had doubtless weakened Solomon, but he had still the strength of a powerful man, and his rage supplied him, for the time, with all that he had lost. They clung to one another like snakes, and whirled about with frantic violence. Whichever fell undermost was a dead man for certain. For a few moments the expiring torch still shewed them each other's hot, vindictive faces; then they battled in the dark, with labouring breath and eager strain, swaying they knew not whither. At last the huge weight of Solomon overbore his lesser antagonist: Richard's limbs gave way beneath him, and he fell; but fell through space; for in their gyrations they had, without knowing it, returned to the top of the ladder. His foe, fast clutched, fell with him, but, pitching on his head, was killed, as we have seen, upon the instant.

This was the true history of what had occurred in the mine, as Richard, on his bed of pain, recalled it step by step, and strove to shape it to his ends.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—MAKING PEACE.

Whether Richard's own injuries proved fatal or not, was with him a matter of secondary importance. His anxiety was to prove that they were received by misadventure; upon the whole, matters promised favourably for this, and were in other respects as satisfactory as could reasonably be expected. The blood of Solomon Coe was upon his own head. Richard had no need even to reproach himself with having struck in self-defence the blow that killed his enemy; and he did not reflect that he was still to blame for having, in the first instance, placed him in the mine. He had at least done his best to extricate him, and his conscience was (perhaps naturally) not very tender respecting the man who had repaid his attempt at atonement with such implacable animosity. At all events,

Richard's mind was too much engaged in calculating the consequences of what had happened, to entertain remorse. The question that now monopolised it was, what conclusion was likely to be arrived at by the coroner's inquest that would of course be held upon the body. The verdict was of the most paramount importance to him, not because upon it depended his own safety—for he valued his life but lightly, and besides, his inward pain convinced him that it was already forfeited—but all that now made life worth having, the good regards of Harry and her son. He had no longer any scruple on his own part with respect to accepting or returning their affection. His fear was, lest having been compelled to take so active a part in the rescue of the unhappy Solomon, something should arise to implicate him in his incarceration.

Fortunately, he was far too ill to be summoned as a witness. His deposition alone could be taken, and that he framed with the utmost caution, and as briefly as was possible. His wounded lung defended him from protracted inquiries. Solomon himself had proposed the idea of a partnership in Wheal Danes, and his interest in the mine, the knowledge of which had suggested to Richard the place of his concealment, had evidently proved fatal to him. That he should have broken his neck just as Richard had broken his ribs on such a quest, was by no means extraordinary; but how he ever reached the spot where he was found, at all, without the aid of a ladder, was inexplicable. The line of evidence was smooth enough but for this ugly knot, and it troubled Richard much; though, as it happened, unnecessarily. Had the place of the calamity been a gravel-pit at Highgate, it would have been guarded by constabulary, and all things preserved as they were, until after the official investigation. But Wheal Danes, from having been a deserted mine, had suddenly become the haunt of the curious and the morbid. There was nothing more likely than that Solomon's ladder had been carried off, and perhaps disposed of at a high price per foot, as an interesting relic. The presence of the half-extinguished torch that Richard had flung away in the second level (and which should by rights have been found in the third), was still more easily explained; there were a score of such things now lying about the mine, which had been left there by visitors. In short, an 'active' coroner and an 'intelligent' jury could have come to no other conclusion than that of 'accidental death;' and they came to it accordingly.

Other comforters had arrived to the wounded man before the receipt of that good news, in the persons of Harry and her son, and Agnes. There was a reason why all three should be now warmly attracted towards him, which, while it effectually worked his will in that way, gave him many a twinge. They looked upon him, as did the rest of the world, as the man who had lost his life (for his wound was by this time pronounced to be fatal) to save his friend. He told them that it was not so, and they did not believe him. He had not the heart to tell them how matters really stood; but their praise pained him more than the agony of his wound, and he pre-emptorily forbade the subject to be alluded to. This command was not difficult to obey. Solomon's death, although the awful character of it shocked them much, was, in reality, regretted neither by wife nor son: such must be

the case with every husband and father who has been a domestic tyrant, no matter how dutifully wife and son may strive to mourn; his loss was a release, and his memory a burden that they very willingly put aside; and in particular, his name was never mentioned before Agnes without strong necessity.

Mrs Coe, always at her best and wisest in matters wherein her son was concerned, had never told this girl of the part which Robert Balfour had taken against her. It would have wounded her self-love to have learned that the influence of a comparative stranger had been used, and with some effect, to estrange her Charley. She would scarcely have made sufficient allowance for a man-of-the-world's insidious arts, notwithstanding the circumstances that had so favoured them. Thus Harry had justly reasoned, and kept silence concerning him. Agnes had therefore set down the gradual cessation of her lover's visits to Soho, and his growing coldness, solely to the hostility of Solomon. They had pained her deeply, though she had been too proud to evince aught but indignation; still she strove to persuade herself it was but natural that this lad, entirely dependent upon his father for the means of livelihood, and daily exposed to his menaces or arguments, should endeavour to steel himself against her: that he really loved her less, she did not in her own faithful heart believe. It was, however, with no thought of regaining his affection that she had obeyed the widow's hasty summons on the news of the catastrophe at Wheal Danes, but solely from sympathy and affection. She had always loved and pitied her, for Harry had shewn her kindness and great good-will; and notwithstanding the girl's high spirits, she did not now forget, as many would have done, all other debts in that obligation so easy of discharge, namely, 'what she owed to herself.'

Her presence, notwithstanding the sad occasion of it, at once reawakened Charley's slumbering passion, and the coldness with which she received its advances, only made it burn more brightly, like fire in frost. He felt that he had not even deserved the friendship she now offered him in place of her former love, and was patient and submissive under his just punishment. He hoped in time to re-establish himself in her affections; but at present, somewhat to Mrs Coe's indignation, she had shewed no sign of yielding. He did in reality occupy the same position in her heart as of old; but now that he was rich and his own master (for his mother was his slave), she was not inclined to confess it. Had he been poor and dependent, she would have forgiven him readily enough; nor are such natures unparalleled in her sex, notwithstanding the pictures which are now-a-days presented to us as types of girlhood.

Such, then, was the mutual relation in which these two young people stood, who ministered by turns (for Harry was always with him) to the wants of the dying Balfour. The feelings with which he was regarded by all three were in curious contrast with their former ones. What those of Harry were now towards him we can easily guess; her hate and fear had vanished to make room for love—not the love of old times, indeed, but a deeper and a purer passion; it could never bear fruit, she knew—it was but a prolonged farewell. To-morrow, or the next day, Death would interpose

between them; but in the meantime they were together, and she clung to him.

Charley, on the other hand, with whom Balfour had once been such a favourite, felt, though attentive to his needs, by no means cordially towards him. Gratitude for the fancied service he had done to his late father compelled him to give Richard his company, but it was not accorded willingly, as heretofore. He could not but set down to the account of his companionship the present frigidity of Agnes, and at first he had even seen him a material obstacle to his hopes. This audacious man of the world, who had at one time so excited his admiration, had suddenly become in his eyes an impudent *roué*, who even on his sick-bed was only too likely to make their past adventures together the subject of his talk. True, his mother had told him that Mr Balfour was now an altered man; but the young gentleman had entertained some reasonable doubts of this conversion. His manner to the sick man was so reserved and cool, indeed, that it seemed to all but Richard (who guessed the cause of it, and yet felt its effect more bitterly than all) unkind. This behaviour on the part of his former ally did not injure Balfour in the regards of Agnes; she resented Charley's conduct, and did her best to redress it by manifesting her own good-will; she had herself had experience of his shifting moods and causeless changes of demeanour, and perhaps she was willing to shew what small importance she attached to his capricious humours. Thus it happened that Richard and herself 'got on' together much better (as well, of course, as much more speedily) than the former could have hoped for; for indeed he had with reason expected to find a bitter enemy in Agnes. He improved this advantage to the utmost by taking occasion, in Charley's absence, to praise the lad, under whose displeasure he manifestly lay. She answered that he had not, at least from Mr Balfour's lips, deserved such praise.

'Nay, nay,' said Richard gently: 'it is I who have not deserved the lad's good-will; and you, my dear young lady, ought to be the last to pity me, as I see you do.'

'How so?' asked she in surprise.

'Because,' answered he gravely, 'I once strove to keep him from you.'

She looked annoyed, and cast a hurried glance towards the place where Mrs Coe had been sitting; but there was now only an empty chair there. The widow had purposely withdrawn herself, in accordance with Richard's wish. Agnes could scarcely leave the sick man without attendance.

'When I say "keep him from you,"' continued Richard, 'I mean that, being lonely and friendless (as you see I am, but for you three), the society of this bright boy was very dear to me, and I selfishly strove to secure it when he would fain have been elsewhere. I needed, as you may well imagine, authority to back me in such efforts, but, unhappily for him, I possessed its aid. He now resents, and very naturally, the restraint which my companionship once imposed upon him, and sets down to my account the estrangement which he so bitterly rues. An old man's friendship is of no great worth at any time, but weighed in the balance against a woman's love'—

'Sir!' interrupted Agnes with indignation.

'Pardon me,' continued Richard gently; 'I see

you do not love him. I am deeply grieved, for the sake of this poor lad, who is as devoted to you as ever, to find it so, and to feel that it was in part my fault. I will ask him to forgive me, if he can.'

'Nay, Mr Balfour, I beseech you, don't do that,' cried Agnes, with crimson cheeks.

'As you please,' murmured he gravely. 'But, remember, a few days hence, or perhaps a few hours, and I may be beyond his forgiveness. It will then rest with you, young lady, to clear my memory. You are not angry with me—you cannot be vexed with a dying man.'

'No, no.' She was sobbing violently; her heart was touched, not only by his own condition, as she would have had him believe, but by these confidences respecting Charley. There is nothing more dear to a young girl than the testimony of another man to her lover's fealty; the witness himself is even guerdoned with some payment of the rich store he bears; and from that moment Balfour was not only forgiven by Agnes, but even beloved by her.

THE OLD ENGLISH YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

THE collection of treatises upon 'Nurture' and 'Courtesy,' included under the general title of *The Babes Book*, is one of the richest of the excellent stores sent out to the subscribers of the Early English Text Society. The greater part of its contents is printed from manuscripts, which have been admirably edited by Mr F. J. Turnivall; but these are supplemented, by way of illustration, with specimens from the earliest printed works, by which the tradition of medieval English manners was preserved far into the sixteenth century. Manners and morals are so closely interwoven in the earliest English guide-books for children, that it is easy to understand the old English axioms that 'manners maketh man,' and that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' Exhortations not to have any dirt in your nails at meal-time, and not to omit saying grace, follow each other as equally necessary to the institution of a gentleman and a Christian. *The Book of Nurture, Book of Demeanour, School of Good Manners, Little Children's Little Book, School of Virtue*, and the like, at which we are forced to smile, were serious books, we must remember, to our ancestors, and were used in schools as lesson-books.

In our day, etiquette may be taught—something called politeness (but which has no connection with the *πολις* and *πολιτις*, in the noble old Greek sense of the words) may be diligently instilled—but in courtesy, Englishmen have become confessedly inferior to nations they have out-marched in many other matters. There is no surer visible gauge of national courtesy than outward salutation. Riding from Moscow to the seat of a Russian nobleman on a market-day, we have seen every one take off his hat or cap to every one he meets on the busy road—the drivers saluting drivers, and the driven saluting the driven. The publication of these records of old English courtesy naturally raises the question of comparative foreign courtesy in the same periods; and we believe that the Early English Text Society is about to supply some answer by presenting its subscribers with essays on the Early Italian and German Books of Courtesy by Mr W. M. Rosetti and Mr E. Oswald. The

decay of courtesy in England is not merely due to an overcrowding population, as some think; or to the complete absorption of the Englishman by business, which has given him that kind of *absentia mentis* which he exhibits out of doors, as others think; but we must recollect that there is a certain class in England who look upon mere politeness as partaking of the nature of sin, and have, in some periods, declared a certain discourtesy to be a high Christian duty.

The Greek *politeness* and the Latin *civility* each carry us to the grand idea of an organic society and fellowship as the ground of good manners between man and man. We are really related to each other, whether poor or rich, high or low, young or old, in the *polis* or *civitas*, and because of this relationship are bound to be mannerly and courteous to one another. Courtesy is, in this sense, a testimony to that universal brotherhood and equality of men which underlies all our inequalities. In all the old books, the English child is told that he must take off his cap to every one whom he meets on his way to school, high or low. *The Lyttlyle Childrens Lytel Boke* (printed from the Harleian Manuscript of about 1480 A.D.) assigns to courtesy a divine origin:

Clerkis that the seven artes kunne
Seyn that curtesy from hevyn come.

—when Gabriel greeted the Virgin, and Mary and Elizabeth met. It is not very wonderful that the author ignored the courtesy which existed before the Incarnation, since it was hard for the medieval clerk to understand how there could be any reverence for man as man, before that Divine Humanity was manifested which was the starting-point of all his conceptions, not only of theology, but of art, of science, and of manners. Courtesy was so large, that he believed, in the words of the above book:

Alle vertues arne closide in curtesye,
And alle vices yn vylonye.

Villainy here, of course, means the manners of the uneducated *villain*—boorishness, rudeness, animal coarseness, and the preference of himself and his own wants to the persons and wants of his fellow-men. This high theological starting-point (which is common to all the earlier books) is the introduction to the smallest details of proper conduct at table, in school, in service, at play, and on the highways. It is the duty of the courteous child to begin the day by resisting the self-indulgence which would keep in bed: he must rise early, bless himself (that is, sign himself with the cross), wash carefully and scrupulously, seeing especially that his nails are clean. To judge from the frequency of this behest, our ancestors had a special hatred to dirty nails. He must go to church, and hear a mass: the mass is left out in later editions (thus marking the arrival of the Reformation), but the daily church-going and the courtesy remained in unchanged fellowship, probably until the Long Parliament. On returning to the hall for breakfast, he must stand until he is told to sit down. At breakfast, he is to pocket nothing. He is never to break his fast without thinking of the poor; for

The full womb without any fails
Wot full little what the hungry ails.

He is not to puff out his cheeks with unswallowed food, as if he were an ape stuffing himself,

and not a Christian lad eating. He is not to drink with his mouth full, nor to drop soup or drink on his breast or chin. He is not to put his knife in his mouth, nor pick his teeth with it, nor wipe it on the cloth, nor take salt with it, nor lick it. He is never to clutch at a good bit, nor put his fingers in the dishes, nor dip his meat in the salt-cellar. He must not spit, nor laugh loudly, nor tell foul tales, nor gape, nor blow his nose in his fingers or on the table-cloth, nor scratch after a flea on his body, or in his head after a louse. Without such manners, which I have gathered together from a comparison of all the books, a boy is not worth a fly, says Hugh Rhodes in *The Boke of Nurture*. The different books enter into detail upon most of the directions which I have here harmonised as common to them all. For instance, one will give the child the hour for rising (six, at the latest, says Rhodes); others give rules for cleaning shoes, brushing clothes, folding night-gear, making the bed, and other things now done by servants, but which every young gentleman then did for himself; others direct the child to go in search of his parents to pay them the early reverence. It is evident that a child 'of good nurture' had a great deal of work to get through before going to church and before breakfast.

Many of the directions sound so modern, and were so frequently urged upon ourselves in our youth by those empresses of courtesy, our maiden aunts, that we are surprised to find what a venerable tradition they can claim. Thus the child was told in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries never to point at any one with his finger, always to give a distinct pronunciation to every word, and not to thrust his face against the face of the person he speaks with, for fear his breath should happen to be offensive. There are some rules, on the contrary, which mark the difference of medieval and modern life very strongly. From some of the early directions about the use of the knife, we gather that forks were often absent or scarce. Plates also must frequently have been scarce; for two boys had sometimes to share one plate between them. Hence the charge of Hugh Rhodes:

If any man eat of your dish,
Crumb you therein no bread,
Lest that your hands be found sweaty;
Thereof take you good heed.*

Having seen the young English gentleman at his substantial breakfast, the doctors of courtesy enable us to follow him to school. From Symon's *Lesson of Wysdom for all Maner Children*, F. Seager's *Schoole of Vertue*, and a few such fragments as *The Birched Schoolboy*, and the schoolboy's *Song at Christmas* (a holiday song, with alternate Latin and English lines), we can draw a lively picture of our ancestors as schoolboys. As soon as grace is over, the child must cheerfully start for school. 'You had better be unborn than untaught,' and, 'You

* Rhodes says in excuse for his limping metre:

I am full blynde in poets arte, thereof I can no skill;
All elloquence I put apart, following myne owne wyll.
Corrupt in speche, be sure, am I, my breefes from longes
to know,
And born and bred in Devonshyre to, as playne my
tearmes doe show.

He was a choir-man 'in the kinges chappell'—Henry VIII's.

must not always have your own way,' are the two maxims with which, in quaint rhyme, Symon sends him off as soon as he has done whatever home and table service may be needed after the meal. His first duty in the street is to keep his eyes open, and let no one pass him without the salutation of taking off his cap or his hood. The bitter east winds of last winter, by the way, must have made many a neuralgic antiquary wish that the old English fashion of hoods could be restored. He is not to throw stones at dogs or hogs. As the school cannot be expected to provide pens, ink, and paper (which are the sword and shield, says Seager, of the soldier of learning), the child must see that he has them in his 'setchell' with his books. If he has to call at any house between home and school, his first words on entering it must be 'to bid God be here!' He must avoid the temptations of the street (road), which Symon sets down as follows: beating dogs, mocking at those who pass by, making grimaces ('mowing'), swearing, bird-nesting, fruit-stealing, trying to throw stones over the tops of houses, and throwing them 'at glas windowys,' and above all—by which we presume schoolboys were often ducked or drowned—playing at the edge of a 'welle or brokys' (brooks).

If a boy goes to school as he should, he will probably behave in school as he should. Symon has little to say about his conduct in school, but contents himself with holding out this bait (I modernise the spelling):

Rise betimes and go to school,
And fare not as wanton foal;
And learn as fast as you may and can,
For our bishop is an old man;
And therefore you must learn fast,
If you will be bishop when he is past.

The boy's view of school is given in an amusing manuscript song of a birched schoolboy, which has the crying burden:

Hay! hay! by this day!
What availeth it me though I say nay?

In it he says: 'I would fain be a clerk, but it is strange work, the birchen twig be so sharp, it maketh me have a faint heart.' When Monday comes, and it is six o'clock, he would rather go twenty miles than to school. He wishes his master were a hare, and all the books in his satchel were hounds, and he 'a joly huntere.' Wouldn't he soon blow his horn, and let the books fly at the master!

To the master, of course, in such a courteous age, a great deal of outward salutation had to be paid. On entering the school, the boy is to take off his hood (or his cap), and do the master reverence. He must next salute his fellow-scholars with 'the bidding,' 'God be here!' He is to give special attention (says the *Boke of Curtasye*) to the seven initiatory lessons of the Christian child—(1) the Cross-Christ; (2) the Lord's Prayer; (3) the Ave and Creed; (4) the Invocation (in *Nomine Patris*, &c.); (5) 'the Marke, Matthew, Luke, and Jon' (of which we have the corrupted tradition in many country places); (6) the Confession; and (7) the Misereatur. The end of going to school is to worship God and to seek His kingdom, says this book: both 'worship' and 'the kingdom of God' had, we must remember, an infinitely wider popular meaning in the middle ages and in the Reformation epoch than they bear vulgarly in the

present time. Nothing is said about the subjects of secular learning; but as the boy is so strictly charged not to leave his ink behind him, he must certainly have learned to write.

A FIGHT WITH A STORM.

I GOT first to be mate when quite a youngish fellow; the owners were told somehow or other that I'd worked hard on the last voyage, and they made me mate of the ship, and gave me a good silver watch and chain; a watch that went to the bottom of the sea five years after in a wreck off the Irish coast, by Wexford, when I and six more swam ashore, saving our lives, and thankful for them. For the sea swallows up a wonderful store of wealth every season; and it meant to have our ship, too, that year I was made mate, only we escaped it.

It happened like this. We were bound for Cadiz in a large, handsome, new brig, having on board a rich cargo; for besides a heavy value in gold, we had a lot of valuable new machinery, that had been made for the Spanish government by one of our large manufacturers somewhere inland. But besides this, there was a vast quantity of iron, in long, heavy cast pillars. A huge weight they were, and we all shook our heads at them as they were lowered down into the hold, for we thought of what a nice cargo they would turn out, if we should have a heavy passage. We had about a score of passengers, too, and amongst them was a fine gentlemanly fellow, going out with his wife, and he was to superintend the fitting up of the machinery, several of the other passengers being his men.

It was a new, well-found vessel, and fresh in her paint; and with her clean canvas, and all smart, we were rather proud of that boat. But we'd only just got beyond the Lizard when it came on to blow, just as it can blow off there in February, with rain, and snow, and hail; and we were at last glad to scud before the gale under bare poles.

Night and day, then, night and day following one another fast, with the hatches battened down, and the ship labouring so that it seemed as if every minute must be her last. She was far too heavily laden; and instead of her being a ship to float out the fiercest storms, here we were loaded down, so that she lay rolling and pitching in a way that her seams began to open, and soon every hand had to take his turn at the pumps.

The days broke heavy and cloudy, and the nights came on with the darkness awful, and the gale seeming to get fiercer and fiercer, till at last, worn out, sailors and passengers gave up, the pumps were abandoned, and refusing one and all to stay below, men and women were clustered together, getting the best shelter they could.

'I don't like to see a good new ship go to the bottom like this,' I shouted in one of my mates' ears, and he shouted back something about iron; and I nodded, for we all knew that those great

pillars down below were enough to sink the finest vessel that ever floated.

Just then I saw the skipper go below, while the gentleman who was going out to superintend was busy lashing one of the life-buoys to his wife.

'That ain't no good,' I shouted to him, going up on hands and knees, for the sea at times was enough to wash you overboard, as she dipped and rolled as though she would send her masts over the side every moment. But I got to where they were holding on at last; and seeing that, landsman-like, he knew nothing of knotting and lashing, I made the life-buoy fast, just as a great wave leaped over the bows, and swept the ship from stem to stern.

As soon as I could get my breath, I looked round, to find that where the mate and three passengers were standing a minute before, was now an empty space; while on running to the poop, and looking over, there was nothing to be seen but the fierce rushing waters.

I got back to where those two were clinging together, and though feeling selfish, as most men would, I couldn't help thinking how sad it would be for a young handsome couple like them to be lost, for I knew well enough that though she was lashed to the life-buoy, the most that would do would be to keep her afloat till she died of cold and exhaustion.

'Can nothing be done?' Mr Vallance—for that was his name—shouted in my ear.

'Well,' I said, shouting again, 'if I was captain, I should run all risks, and get some of that iron over the side.'

'Why don't he do it, then?' he exclaimed; and of course being nobody on board that ship, I could only shake my head.

Just then Mrs Vallance turned upon me such a pitiful look, as she took tighter hold of her husband—a look that seemed to say to me: 'Oh, save him, save him!' And I don't know how it was, but feeling that something ought to be done, I crept along once more to the captain's cabin, and going down, there, in the dim light, I could see him sitting on a locker, with a bottle in his hand, and a horrible wild stupid look on his face, which told me in a moment that he wasn't a fit man to have been trusted with the lives of forty people in a good new ship. Then I stood half-bewildered for a few moments, but directly after I was up on deck, and alongside of Mr Vallance.

'Will you stand by me, sir,' I says, 'if I'm took to task for what I do?'

'What are you going to do?' he says.

'Shy that iron over the side.'

'To the death, my man!'

'Then lash her fast where she is,' I said, nodding to Mrs Vallance; 'and, in God's name, come on.'

I saw the poor thing's arms go tight round his neck, and though I couldn't hear a word she said, I knew it meant: 'Don't leave me;' but he just pointed upwards a moment, kissed her tenderly; and then, I helping, we made her fast, and the next minute were alongside the hatches, just over where I knew the great pillars to lie.

I knew it was a desperate thing to do, but it

was our only chance; and after swinging round the fore-yard, and rigging up some tackle, the men saw what was meant, and gave a bit of a cheer. Then they clustered together, passengers and men, while I shouted to Mr Vallance, offering him his choice—to go below with another, to make fast the rope to the pillars, or to stay on deck.

He chose going below; and warning him that we should clap on the hatches from time to time, to keep out the water, I got hold of a marlin-spike, loosened the tarpaulin a little, had one hatch off, and then stationed two on each side, to try and keep the opening covered every time a wave came on board.

It seemed little better than making a way in for the sea to send us to the bottom at once; but I knew that it was our only hope, and persevered. Mr Vallance and one of the men went below, the tackle was lowered, and in less time than I expected, they gave the signal to haul up. We hauled—the head of the pillar came above the coamings, went high up, then lowered down till one end rested on the bulwarks; the rope was cast off; and then, with a cheer, in spite of the rolling of the ship, it was sent over the side to disappear in the boiling sea.

Another, and another, and another, weighing full six hundredweight apiece, we had over the side, the men working now fiercely, and with something like hope in their breasts; and then I roared to them to hold fast: the tarpaulin was pulled over, and I for one threw myself upon it, just as a wave came rolling along, leaped the bows, and dashed us here and there.

But we found to our great joy that hardly a drop had gone below, the weight of the water having flattened down the tarpaulin; so seizing the tackle once more, we soon had another pillar over the side, and another, and another—not easily, for it was a hard fight each time; and more than once men were nearly crushed to death. It was terrible work, too, casting them loose amidst the hurry and strife of the tempest; but we kept on, till, utterly worn out and panting, we called on Mr Vallance to come up, when we once more securely battened down the hatch and waited for the morning.

We agreed amongst ourselves that the ship did not roll so much; and perhaps she was a little easier, for we had sent some tons overboard; but the difference was very little; and morning found us all numbed with the cold, and helpless to a degree. I caught Mr Vallance's eye, and signalled to him that we should go on again; but it required all we could do to get the men to work, one and all saying that it was useless, and only fighting against our fate.

Seeing that fair words wouldn't do, I got the tackle ready myself, and then with the marlin-spike in one hand, I went up to the first poor shivering fellow I came to, and half-led, half-dragged him to his place; Mr Vallance followed suit with another; and one way and another we got them to work again; and though not so quickly as we did the day before, we sent over the side tons and tons of that solid iron—each pillar on being cut loose darting over the bulwark with a crash, and tearing no end of the planking away, but easing the vessel, so that now we could feel the difference; and towards night, though the weather was bad as ever, I began to feel that we might have a chance; for the ship seemed to ride over the waves more,

instead of dipping under them, and shuddering from stem to stern. We'd been fortunate, too, in keeping the water from getting into the hold; and one way and another, what with the feeling of duty done, and the excitement, things did not look so black as before; when all at once a great wave like a green mountain of water leaped aboard over the poop, flooded the deck, tore up the tarpaulin and another hatch, and poured down into the hold, followed by another and another; and as I clung to one of the masts, blinded and shaking with the water, I could feel that in those two minutes all our two days' work had been undone.

'God help us!' I groaned, for I felt that I had done wrong in opening the hatches; but there was no time for repining. Directly the waves had passed on, rushing out at the sides, where they had torn away the bulwarks, I ran to the mouth of the hold, for I felt that Mr Vallance and the poor fellow with him must have been drowned.

I shouted—once, twice, and then there was a groan; when, seizing hold of the tackle that we had used to hoist the pillars, I was lowered down, and began to swim in the rushing water that was surging from side to side, when I felt myself clutched by a drowning man, and holding on to him, we were dragged up together.

But I did not want the despairing look Mrs Vallance gave me to make me go down again, and this time I was washed up against something, which I seized; but there seemed no life in it when we were hauled up, for the poor fellow did not move, and it was pitiful to see the way in which his poor wife clung to him.

Another sea coming on board, it was all we could do to keep from being swept off; and as the water seemed to leap and plunge down the hatch with a hollow roar, a chill came over me again, colder than that brought on by the bitter weather. I was so worn out that I could hardly stir; but it seemed that if I did not move, no one else would; so shouting to one or two to help me, I crawled forward, and got the hatches on again, just as another wave washed over us; but before the next came, with my marlin-spike I had contrived to nail down the tarpaulin once more, in the hope that, though waterlogged, we might float a little longer.

It seemed strange, but after a little provision had been served round, I began to be hopeful once more, telling myself that, after all, water was not worse than iron, and that if we lived to the next day, we might get clear of our new enemy without taking off the hatches.

We had hard work, though, with Mr Vallance, who lay for hours without seeming to shew a sign of life; but towards morning, from the low sobbing murmur I heard close by me, and the gentle tones of a man's voice, I knew that they must have brought him round. You see, I was at the wheel then, for it had come round to my turn, and as soon as I could get relieved, I went and spoke to them, and found him able to sit up.

As day began to break, the wind seemed to lull a little, and soon after a little more, and again a little more, till, with joyful heart, I told all about me that the worst was over; and it was so, for the wind shifted round to the south and west, and the sea went down fast. Soon, too, the sun came out; and getting a little sail on the ship, I began to steer, as near as I could tell, homewards, hoping

before long to be able to make out our bearings, which I did soon after, and then got the passengers and crew once more in regular spells at the pumps.

We were terribly full of water; and as the ship rolled the night before, it was something awful to hear it rush from side to side of the hold, threatening every minute to force up the decks; but now keeping on a regular drain, the scuppers ran well, and hour by hour we rose higher and higher, and the ship, from sailing like a tub, began to answer her helm easily, and to move through the water.

It was towards afternoon that, for the first time, I remembered the captain, just, too, as he made his appearance on deck, white-looking, and ill, but now very angry and important.

I had just sent some of the men aloft, and we were making more sail, when in a way that there was no need for, he ordered them down, at the same time saying something very unpleasant to me. Just then I saw Mr Vallance step forward to where the other passengers were collected, many of them being his own men; and then, after a few words, they all came aft together to where the captain stood, and Mr Vallance acted as spokesman.

'Captain Johnson,' he said, 'I am speaking the wishes of the passengers of this ship when I request you to go below to your cabin, and to stay there until we reach port.'

'Are you mad, sir?' exclaimed the captain.

'Not more so than the rest of the passengers,' said Mr Vallance, 'who, one and all, agree with me that they have no confidence in you as captain; and that, moreover, they consider that by your conduct you have virtually resigned the command of the ship into Mr Robinson's hands.'

'Are you aware, Mr Passenger, that *Mister* Robinson is one of the apprentices?'

'I am aware, sir, that he has carried this vessel through a fearful storm, when her appointed commander left those men and women in his charge to their fate, while he, like a coward, went below to drown out all knowledge of the present with drink.'

He raved and stormed, and then called upon the crew to help him; but Mr Vallance told them that he would be answerable to the owners for their conduct, and not a man stirred. I spoke to him till he turned angry, and insisted upon my keeping to the command, and backed up at last by both passengers and crew, who laughed, and seemed to enjoy it; but I must say that, until we cast anchor in Yarmouth Roads, they obeyed me to a man.

So they made the captain keep for all the world like a prisoner to his cabin till we entered the Tyne, after being detained a few days only in the Roads, where it had been necessary to refit, both of the topmasts being snapped, and the jib-boom being sprung, besides our being leaky, though not so bad but that a couple of hours a day after the first clearance kept the water under.

Before we had passed Harwich very far, we had the beach yawls out, one after another, full of men wanting to board us, and take us into harbour, so as to claim salvage. One and all had the same tale to tell us—that we could never get into port ourselves; and more than once it almost took force to keep them from taking possession, for, not content with rendering help when it is wanted, they are only too ready to make their help necessary, and have frightened many a captain before now into giving up his charge into other hands.

But with Mr Vallance at my back, I stood firm; and somehow or another I did feel something very much like pride when I took the brig safely into port, and listened to the owners' remarks.

GLIMPSES OF A RUSSIAN PRISON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

My guide unlocks the heavy door, and I find myself in the ward of the 'suspected,' the inmates of which crowd round us as we enter, with an eager, boyish curiosity, that contrasts very strikingly with the sullen apathy of the more desperate offenders whom we have just left. Here, too, I miss the furtive, sidelong glance, the wild-beast restlessness of eye, the surly reserve, which mark the grim tenants of the second ward: these men look me frankly in the face, and reply to my questions readily enough. Glancing over the throng, I am struck with the same general similarity of facial type which I had already noticed among the vagrants on the first tier. The same low forehead, the same small, deep-set eyes, the same thick yellow hair and shaggy beard, the same flat nose and sallow complexion, repeat themselves *ad libitum* in every part of the room—the generic marks of a class which, up to 1861, was a mere cipher in the world of politics, but in which now lies the whole future of Russia.

The Russian 'Mujik'—national in his very name, for which no adequate translation can be found—is a creature but little known out of his own country, probably from the absolute impossibility of conveying to Western readers a fair conception of the object described. To any untravelled Englishman, a faithful description of the everyday life of an ordinary Mujik would appear as monstrous and incredible as the first accounts of M. du Chaillu's gorilla. Imagine a being ignorant as an Australian savage, superstitious as an ancient Athenian, inured to hardships that would have tried the endurance of a medieval anchorite; at once a glutton and an ascetic; peaceable even to sluggishness, yet capable of the most frightful revenge; able to sustain life on a pittance of food which would starve a British seaman, and to pass whole nights in the depth of winter wrapped in a sheepskin outside his master's door; intensely susceptible of kindness, yet ungovernable save by the extreme of severity—imagine, I say, all this, and you will have a faint idea of the genuine Mujik. Undeveloped by travel, unrefined by education, he is simply a hospitable, thievish, drunken, good-humoured savage—quiet and easy-going enough in the main, but with a terrible possibility lurking far down in the depths of his nature. The bloody deeds perpetrated by this class previous to the Emancipation, must be attributed to the disregard for human life engendered by the constant spectacle of unheeded suffering, which at length made the peasant hold his own life and that of his master equally cheap. The awful massacres of which the annals of every great Russian family contain at least one instance, are

* It must be remembered that I am speaking of the Mujik as I have seen him in his normal state, precisely as he was before the Emancipation of 1861. Several of the ablest Russian merchants, and at least one of the most admirable provincial magistrates now living, are men who were slaves nine years ago; but such exceptions are not sufficiently numerous to affect the rule.

terribly uniform in detail—a business-like celerity of execution, succeeded by utter apathy. When once the 'great house' is burned, the barin's skull split with an axe, the barina torn to shreds with pitchforks, the children brained or trampled to death—then the Berserker spirit goes out of Iván Petróvitch, and he sits quietly down amid the ruins, till the gray-coated 'children of the czar' come and prod his life out with their bayonets.

Such are the men whom I now look upon, and among whom I have lived for many a month in the far interior. And as they were in their native villages, such are they now behind the walls of a prison in St Petersburg. Shut up and guarded—their fate still in suspense—a long term of imprisonment yet before them—they are romping like schoolboys in a playground. On this side, a slim, active young fellow is balancing himself on one foot, and laughing loudly at one of his comrades, who has rolled on his back in an attempt to do likewise. On that, two brawny, shaggy-haired men, who look very much like bears on hind-legs, are having a wrestle, and greeting every new failure of their endeavours to throw each other with peals of uproarious merriment, which are boisterously echoed by the spectators. Here, three or four active spirits are dancing round and round in a ring, holding each other's hands, after the style of our May-day dancers round Jack-in-the-Green; while yonder sits a man blind-folded with a linen rag, guessing at the number of fingers held up by his companion—a game which I had often played as a child, and which I am not a little surprised to meet again in such a place. The genuine Mujik, like the American negro, is by nature a merry fellow; and, supported by his childlike heedlessness and ingrained fatalism, can enjoy himself in the face of the most grievous trouble. Give him but his hunch of black bread, his slice of salted cucumber, his tumbler of weak tea—and he is as happy as the day is long.

Glancing round the room, my eye is arrested by a group of three men, who, having risen to look at me on my entrance, have instantly sat down again, as if too busily occupied to waste any of their attention. The midmost of the three is a little, lean, wrinkled old man, whose brown dried-up face looks doubly dark in the frame of white hair by which it is encircled. He is apparently relating a story, to which his two companions (big brawny giants with beards like a door-mat) are listening with an eager, child-like interest, which contrasts strangely with their mighty proportions. I draw near to hearken, and, to my surprise and delight, recognise in the story an old and dear friend—the legend of *Ilia Márometz, the Crippled Champion*, one of the purest and noblest allegories that ever amused the childhood of a great nation. Unhappily, the old man's version is not that of the quaint, racy original, but one which bears evident marks of having been 'improved' by some critical deacon of the Orthodox Church; but the shadowy beauty of the glorious old tradition makes itself seen through every alteration. The narrator has just reached that part of the story where the hero Ilia, after lying crippled for thirty years, is endowed with preternatural strength by three unknown men who visit him in the guise of beggars.

'And when Ilia saw that he was healed, he prayed the three men to remain with him, that he might shew himself grateful for what they had

done. But they would not; and although he begged much, yet they would not; so at last he bade them tell him their names, at least, that he might remember them before God. And suddenly the face of him who stood on the right became the face of an old man with white hair and large bright eyes, and around his forehead was a circle of light; and he said: "I am he who was slain for the truth's sake, and my name is Peter." And the man on the left raised his head, and shewed a dark resolute face and grand high brow, crowned with a circle of light like the other; and he said: "I am he who preached to the heathen, and my name is Paul."

'And then the third laid his hand softly on Ilia's head, and said: "The next time you go into the church to pray, look at the great picture above the altar, and you will know what my name is!"

'And suddenly, as He spoke, on His forehead shone a fiery cross, which grew brighter and brighter, till Ilia was dazzled, and shut his eyes; and when he opened them again, the three strangers were gone. Then Ilia knew who had been speaking with him, and he knelt down and prayed once more.'

As the narrator utters the last words, the hard faces on either side soften into a look of wondering delight, which is very touching to see. To these poor fellows, whose whole life has been one long struggle against ever-present want and misery, it is cheering to be told, even in this rude and garbled form, of a Power which can stoop to aid even the despised peasant, and, in the guise of a wanderer and an outcast like themselves, minister strength and courage to afflicted mankind.

Turning away from this group, my eye is caught by a man seated with his back against the wall, whose face contrasts so strikingly with the rest in its expression of wearing anxiety, that I look inquiringly at my conductor as we approach him.

'He'll tell you all about it, barin,' whispers Iván with a lurking smile: 'just ask him who he is.'

'Who am I?' echoes the prisoner, in answer to my question. 'I'm the *dvornik*' (door-keeper) 'at No. 13 in the "Gusev Pereulok."'

Iván smiles knowingly on observing my sudden start at the mention of the fatal name, which is now as famous in St Petersburg—nay, over all Russia—as No. 29 Ratcliffe Highway* throughout the England of 1812; and which has just been revived in the public memory by the discovery of the long-concealed murderer. For thirteen months the bloodhounds of the law have been coursing upon an uncertain scent; and now, at length, the slightest of all possible clues—merely that of a Christian name found on some article of clothing dropped near the scene of the crime—has brought down the long-deferred retribution. This door-keeper, among others, had been examined, without result, at the time of the murder; but on the detection of the criminal, it was decided to submit him to a second examination, on suspicion of complicity; and this it is (for the common Russian has a superstitious terror of everything connected with the law†) which now makes him look so troubled.

* The scene of John Williams' murder of the Marr family—a catastrophe which De Quincey has shaped into a masterpiece of artistic horror.

† The institution of trial by jury is of only a few years' standing in Russia; and the iniquities of the legal system previous to its introduction are too monstrous to be here described.

At the time of which I am speaking, I had heard merely a bare outline of that terrible night's work, the fuller details of which I learned much later; but it is worth while to give them here, if only as a specimen of what the Russian peasant can do. In the Gusev Pereulok stands a quiet, comfortable house of moderate size, occupied in the summer of 1867 by a Russian officer, a lady passing for his wife, a young servant-girl, and a boy of thirteen. To this house, on a fine summer evening, comes a stout middle-aged peasant-woman, Darya Sokoloff by name, who has formerly been a nurse in the family—a commonplace-looking woman enough, but for her strangely restless eyes, which appear to take in everything without looking straight at anything. Her tale is soon told: she has come in from the country with butter and fresh eggs, which she has unluckily failed to dispose of; the afternoon train has already gone—will they give her shelter for the night? The master of the house assents; and she curls herself up beside the kitchen stove, and is soon asleep. Between two and three in the morning she rises cautiously, and gropes about for a box-iron which she remembers to have seen lying on the dresser. It is still fresh from its work, as the user left it; but this night there is other work for it to do, which shall make it famous throughout the whole empire. The heads of the household are sleeping peacefully, when a stealthy tread glides into the room; and by the dim light of the night-lamp, a shadowy hand is seen to rise and fall twice, with a dull thud like a tap on a padded door—a very faint noise, such as would hardly break the rest of a child; yet each sound is the knell of a human life. So far all is well; but two witnesses still remain—a single cry from either, and all is lost. One swift, sure stroke changes the quiet sleep of the young girl into a deeper slumber; and now the boy only is left. As the Evil Presence bends over him, he turns and moans in his sleep,* as if striving to rise; but before he can wake, the blow falls which 'makes all sure.' Another blow brains the pet spaniel which sleeps at the foot of the bed; and the little playmates lie dead side by side, while the destroyer hurries to her booty. Several drawers and an escritoire are forced, and various articles of jewellery, &c., seized; the bank-notes she rejects, having the coolness to reflect, even in that moment of deadly peril, that they may possibly fix suspicion upon her; all else is rifled. In the gray of the early morning she glides through the deserted streets, and is soon in the train, which will carry her home, chatting pleasantly with the two or three market-people who are her companions; while the orphaned dwelling which she has left peopled with dead stares blankly at the rising sun through its silent windows, awaiting the coming discovery.

'Were you there on the night of the murder?' ask I of the *dvornik*.

'Not I!' he rejoins, with a kind of childish petulance in his tone; 'but they will have it that I was. It's just like my luck! The only night I'm not there to look after the house, a woman slips in and murders 'em all, and then everybody sticks to it that I knew of it. How the devil could I know of it, when I was lying dead drunk at the other end of the street!'

* All these particulars are taken from the criminal's own confession.

'Well, if you were,' answer I, 'you've only got to prove that, and you'll get clear off.'

'So they tell me; but who knows? These cursed law-people do whatever they like. I might go along the Vladimir * Road' (that is, to Siberia) 'yet, and nobody say a word to help me.'

'Never fear, brother,' says Iván cheerily, clapping him on the shoulder; 'if you've done nothing to be punished for, nobody's going to punish you, be you sure of that. Keep up your spirits, and, when the time comes, face it like a man.'

And the poor fellow, apparently a little comforted by this assurance, crouches again into his corner with a somewhat brighter face; while Iván and I, having completed our inspection, turn to depart. Before dismissing this man, I may as well add, that he was finally acquitted, a few weeks later, there being not a shadow of criminating evidence against him; and that Darya Sokoloff, the sole culprit, was convicted (owing to the retraction of her first confession, and the absence of all living testimony) upon only one of the charges brought against her—that of robbery—and ultimately condemned to transportation for life, with twelve years' penal servitude; a sentence probably without parallel in the annals of criminal justice, proportioned as it was, not to the robbery which *had* been proved, but to the murder, which *had not*. That she was actually guilty of both crimes, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt; but the infraction of law on the part of her judges is none the less flagrant on that account.

As we reach the door of the fourth ward (that reserved for young criminals), Iván explains to me, half apologetically, that 'there's not many of 'em here just now; they mostly come in later on, when it's colder, and they have to steal to keep themselves alive;' with which preface he unlocks the door. Immediately upon his entrance, a little, thin, pale-faced creature sidles up to him, holding out a bandaged arm, and looking up in the old turnkey's face with that look of perfect trustfulness which one only sees to perfection in the eyes of a child.

'All right, little un—I've brought the dressings,' says Iván, patting the little wan face, and tenderly undoing the bandage. 'How's it getting on now?'

'Oh, it don't hurt hardly a bit now,' replies the child; 'but afore you put that there rag and stuff on, it was just like fire burnin'.'

Iván produces from his pocket some lint and strips of rag, with which he proceeds to bandage the arm afresh, explaining to me meanwhile: 'He'd got a shocking bruise on it when he came here first, poor little fellow! and it might have turned to gangrene if I hadn't caught it in time; but it's doing nicely now, thank God!'

The child, having had his hurt bandaged, kisses the old soldier's huge bony hand with a look of genuine gratitude, and shuffles back to his place, while two or three more come forward to greet their favourite warder.

'One can see that you're fond of children,' remark I, 'or they wouldn't come to you that way; they always know who likes them and who doesn't.'

'Well, my heart's sore for them, poor things, that have never had any one to love or care for them,' answers Iván warmly. 'And besides, barin,

I've got a little fellow of my own at home, who might have been one of these some day, but for the mercy of God!'

The old hero's voice trembles slightly at the last words, and I survey him with a new interest. What a study this man is! Cool courage, large-hearted benevolence, inflexible adherence to duty, womanly tenderness for everything weak and helpless—all the elements of real chivalry in their perfect fulness; and yet this true gentleman of Nature's making is a private soldier, and the under-turnkey of a felons' prison! Poor Iván! you are a more genuine hero than many a one whose name has resounded from the Caspian to the Atlantic; but the world's truest heroes are those of whom it knows the least.

Glancing round the room (which is somewhat smaller than those below), I am struck at once by the unnatural quiet and apathy of its young inmates. In this grim hospital of moral disease, all the common laws of human nature appear to be inverted: the men romp and laugh like children, the children sit and brood like men. Very limp and nerveless are these young limbs that ought to be so elastic, very pale and sullen these little faces that ought to be so bright. It is here, more fully than in any ward we have visited, that the continued imprisonment appears to have 'come home.' The monotonous confinement which falls powerless on the stolid endurance of the man, cramps and benumbs the restless energies of the boy. Some of the faces grouped around me bear on their heavy and lumpish features little or no trace of intellect; others shew intellect in abundance, but of a bad kind—the evil experience of depraved maturity, stamped on the delicate features of childhood. To what fate are they reserved, these outcast nurslings of the pavement and the prison? Could he who sang of the unknown great, in the saddest and sweetest of modern elegies, find among these defaced likenesses of man a 'village Hampden,' a 'guiltless Cromwell,' a 'mute inglorious Milton?'

As if in answer to the unspoken question, Iván touches my arm, and points to a lad at the other end of the room, who, with his back turned toward us, is writing, or rather printing on the wall, with a piece of chalk, the days of the week. The first six, from Sunday to Friday inclusive, are already complete, and stand ranged in a double column, thus:

VOŠCREŠENNYE.

PONEDAYLNİK.
VTORNIK.
SREDA.

TCHETVERK.
PIETNITZA.
SUB.

But at the fourth letter of 'Subbota' (Saturday), the little student comes to a dead halt, and looks appealingly at us as we approach. As he moves, I have a view of his face for the first time—a face which carries me back to the far south, to sunny hill-sides bordering the Black Sea, where, half-buried in sheepskin caps, or overshadowed by pointed helmets, I have seen many a score of faces like his. Wan and emaciated as it is, it still retains traces of the sleek tiger-like beauty of the Circassian, the only race in Europe which has preserved its original type unaltered. In his large black eyes there is precisely the expression which I miss in all the rest—the fierce restlessness of a caged animal raging to get free; while the knitted brow and sternly compressed lips give him an expression of iron firmness far beyond his years.

* It was along this road, leading eastward from Moscow, that convicts were marched before the construction of the Nijni Railway; hence the expression in the text.

Young as he is, there is something striking and even noble in his look and bearing, which forces upon me the sudden conviction that the blood which runs in his veins is such as never ran in those of a common criminal since the world began.

'How do you spell "Subbota," Uncle * Vania? With one B, or two?'

Before Iván can reply, I take the chalk and put a second B beside the first. The boy gives me a grateful look, but instantly rubs out the letter, and replaces it by one of his own.

'I thank you all the same,' says he, in a low, dear voice; 'but if I don't do it *all* myself, it's worth nothing.'

A strange sentiment, is it not, in the mouth of a young thief? I glance in undisguised astonishment, first at him, and then at Iván, who answers my look with a whispered: 'Ay, he's a wonderful fellow! The only one here who can write, or read either. He's become quite a captain in the ward already, although he's been here less time than any of them. They say, you know, that he's a natural son of —' (mentioning a name too terribly famous to be here inserted), 'who was down in the Caucasus a long while ago; and, upon my word, I begin to believe it.'

I remember the boast of the old French marquis: 'Good blood *will* come to the front, put it where you please,' and glance again at this young aristocrat of the pavement with a growing conviction that the old failer is right.†

'May I give him a book?' ask I. 'It's not against the rules, is it?'

'Not at all,' answers Iván briskly: 'we don't keep these little uns so tight as the fellows downstairs, for they're not half such a bad lot. Give it him, and welcome, barin; it'll be a very good deed to do.'

Accordingly, I pull out of my pocket a little paper-covered book, one of the series lately printed for the working-classes, which had taken my fancy at a railway stall, on the way back from the Crimea. The boy kisses my extended hand, and then seizes upon the book with an eager delight which there is no mistaking, while already his companions begin to gather round him to listen. In truth, I could leave them no better souvenir than this glorious old story, the story of the Emperor Michael's; rescue from assassination through the devotion of the peasant Susanin. It is difficult for any one, Russian or foreigner, to read without emotion the brief, simple narrative of that noble self-sacrifice; how the brave old man, on the happiest day of his life, with his family around him, and his son's newly-made bride at his right hand, suddenly discovered that his strange guests were Polish assassins, sent to slay the czar; how he volunteered to guide them to the imperial quarters at Kostroma, and led them by degrees into the depths of the wood; how at midnight, under the shadows of the silent forest, with his destined murderers sleeping around him, he prayed his last prayer to the God and Father of all; and how, having decoyed the Poles into a gloomy defile, whence there was no escape, he

boldly avowed his stratagem, and fell beneath the swords of the baffled ruffians, exulting with his last breath that he had saved the Father of Russia. Whoever the unknown compiler of the story in its present form may have been, he has fairly earned the warmest gratitude of his countrymen. It is pleasant to think of such a book as this being read to an attentive village circle in the interior, on a fine summer evening, with the hospitable tea-urn steaming on the turf beside them, and the wind whispering through the overshadowing leaves; pleasanter still to see it lighting up the cheerless gloom of a prison ward, and teaching to these young souls, not yet hardened in crime, the great deliverance wrought for their country by one as poor and unknown as themselves.

As I write these last lines of my prison recollections, there comes back to me the memory of a widely different visit (though it, too, brought me among a number of young criminals) which I paid in the autumn of last year. Two miles out of Moscow, beneath the shadow of that splendid tower which has made the Simonoff Monastery a chosen point of view with all artistic tourists, stands a quiet little wooden building, memorable as the only reformatory school at present existing in Russia, founded and maintained at the personal expense of a certain eminent professor and councillor of state (whose name, in compliance with his own wish, I forbear to mention), under whose escort I visited the school, conversed with the inmates, and inspected the arrangements. I have neither space nor time here to describe all I saw of the good wrought by this true philanthropist; but I shall not easily forget the sight of those young faces lighting up with joy at the sight of the man who had thought it worth his while to discover and strive to call forth the better nature that lay hid within them. Never do I recall that visit without a fervent prayer that the noble example which he has set may be speedily and vigorously followed up; and never, in truth, was there sorer need for it. From the Niemen to the Ural, from Archangelsk to Sevastopol, vice and misery run riot among the poorer classes, while Society, surveying them carelessly from the window of its carriage, says with a sneer: 'Oh, the lower orders are all alike; they have the instincts of brutes, and as brutes they will live and die!'

But whose fault is it if they do? The official Report published at the time of the Emancipation (with a copy of which I have been furnished by the kindness of the late Secretary for Polish Affairs) establishes that in 1861 the population of Russia Proper (that is, exclusive of Finland, Poland, and the Caucasus) made up a total of 54,640,000, distributed as follows: Nobles, 1,000,000; clergy, 640,000; burgesses and tradesmen, 4,000,000; free peasants, 26,000,000; serfs, 23,000,000. Thus we have an aggregate of 49,000,000 human beings wholly dependent upon manual labour; and when to this fact we superadd the narrow field of labour afforded by a country so backward in all mechanical arts as Russia, and the monopoly by foreigners of all the more lucrative trades (which I have already described in 'The Romance of an Old Bureau'), it is not difficult to guess the inevitable result. Nowhere in Europe is native labour so cheap as in Russia; and nowhere in Europe (though M. Eugène Sue might perhaps have demurred to such an assertion) are the labouring classes so thoroughly wretched and demoralised. There are, indeed,

* A common form of familiar address in Russia.

† This boy was rescued from want (by an influence which I can only guess at) some little time later, and sent to the Caucasus, where his restless spirit will doubtless find a congenial field.

‡ The first Romanoff sovereign, 1618.